ATKINSON'S EVENING POST,

AND PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY NEWS.

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STANZAS.

The will bee and the butterfly,
Are bright and happy things to see;
Living beneath a summer sky
And reveling in an orange tree.

The eagle, monarch of the rocks,
Soars calmly in the lonely flight,
Mid lightning streams and thunder shocks,
The bird of freedom strength and might.

The graceful clematis bounding leaps
Where other ones would pause and shrink;
He stems the gulf, he climbs the steeps,
And sports upon the topmost brink.

Bees things of earth, the bright, the brave,
To lands of air and water flee,
Yet not one priviledge ye have
In sagpior or coveted by me.

But I have heard at eventide
Of creatures patient, mild and fair,
Whose faith is never known to fail
Till man goes more than brute should bear.

Those meekly proud, its head is bow'd,
With wrong and suffering oppress'd
To breathe its gentle love aloud,
And sink at once in death and rest.

That is the privilege I'd ask,
To turn the sinking pulse and aching brow
From earth to heaven and to thee.
The soul may have to learn below.

Oh! I have lived through many an hour
That bade my swelling spirit rise—
To cry out the Almighty power,
Break, break, my heart, and let me die"

ELIZA COOK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Bridegroom's Tale.

Ladies calm and chaste, and "the bright gobe I try
To cause her bright home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
Some angel descending on earth—Anon.

* * * * It is the fifth, and on the fifteenth I shall be the happiest of mortal men. Ten short days! and I shall be the husband of Isidra, and Count Almeda will be the father-in-law of Isidra! At least he is to travel in the journey of life! While distant from my beloved, I am miserable; but when I shall be engaging for their attainment, shadowy and unsubstantial presentments of possible evil; but as we draw to the interesting moment, the mountains of to-morrow rises shorten into one, how beats the heart at the blest instant that shall make her mine! how does the heart to bursting! how weary seems the hour! how dreadfully soon the sparrow of underwood! how slow the sun! how long the night! how tedious the voyage round the world—the last few hours! how many years of human existence!

* * * * And well might Henry Sturmond thus dwell on the state of the approached union: for if ever two were calculated for each other, it was Isidra and the idol of his devoted affections. Marian was the fairest of the lovely, the sweetest of the sweet as bright, and yet so soft; as wise, and yet as simple; as noble and yet so tender; that whilst beyond question she was the first of her sex in every thing, a feeling allied to adoration hallowed the sentiment of the perfect woman. What a count less host of admirers, she modest friend, but the excepted ever varying! On her ample brow sat intellectual majesty, and on her lip and in her eye was the deep moisture of pity, now rose and fell the unutterable meanings of love. On her rosy cheek the smile of sweetness and on her bosom, and in the deep moisture of pity, now rose and fell the unutterable meanings of love. On her rosy cheek the smile of sweetness and on her bosom, and in the downy moisture of her tresses—her mildness and in her eye the softness of pity, now rose and fell of sorrow for misery. Such was Marian Isidra in fact, nor was she to person less admirable than in mind. Her form was of the finest proportions—such that ever enshrined an immortal gem, and her face was the fairest of the fair. Perfection of earth, the brightness within an emanation Heaven.

* * * * And old Time were one, were on, as from his creation, regardless alike of the sighs of love, pangs of disappointment, the tears of sorrow, or the shrieks of pain, the shouts of mirth, the songs of woe, the revels of sport, the terrors of war.

* * * * Of the ten days, eight were flown; and Henry had but two more to live with all the pangs of absence and exile! They had flown with no sensory while they seemed to hurry on with the velocity of lightning; and now of eternity whose every moment is a year, and darkness covered them. * * * * Tomorrow, Henry," said Marian, "tomorrow we have to part, and, looking with mournful beseeching on his melancholy face, "tomorrow, Henry, I would have you leave behind you a glance that would have softened the hardest heart to relent." Yes, my dearest Henry, on the morrow we have to part, but it is for a short time. It is a solemn action—an act I will fulfil with the deepest heart and soul that ever throbbed in the most exuberance of love; but let me have that one day to prepare myself to be worthy of you, and then will I meet you on your return with a heart so true to you that nothing shall ever be able to unbind, nor dissever Henry. *I would to-morrow be to-day!*

* * * * The gay, the fair, for my account, one more. I cast eyes of wandering glare let us visit to the sylvan scene. And in the meantime, while the song of birds ere they seek their nests beneath the bank reclaimed of flowers, and the fragrance of the evening rose, let us regale the senses on the delicious repast that is spread for us. Marian had followed her friend where she had been conducted by the hand of Henry, to a rustic seat whence those woods were accepted and ratified to be to whom I owe life—more than life; all that I can make for you in return, is but a poor recompense.

* * * * The dawn of morning! On a bed of flowers lay Marian Isidra. Her dreams were those of the future of that full distance before whose opening vaulty youth and strength were swept away by the storm of misfortune. Her dreams were those of the storm commands of shift forbade him to think of the past. Her dreams were those of the future of Carrastalli, such as it was in sinful struggle. Distorted were the pretty features of nastiness loveliness, but lost beauty of vice and crime. Her dreams were those of the hills were gone, and that pure color which had been the admiration of every eye, was fled. Her dreams among roses on a wreath of snow, no more natural in motion, had usurped the level of the sea.

* * * * The tenth day arrived. The village bells had been all merry with the joyful tidings that had not reached the aged sexton, who was carrying his cheerful work with an unusual heavy heart. The bells were ringing, and the sexton was in solitude grave. In that grave, within the church, lay the remains of Marian Isidra, her lovely minded to their final abode by the benedictions loving, whom terror kept from the sacred ground, and the execrations of their affectionate—long live the Liberators!"—"Long live San Martin!" "Long live the *Madre Patria!*" resounded on all sides. The long-subsisting Peruvians felt that their sufferings had ended; that for four that desolated their existence, at length decreed them the reward of Liberty. The mole of Callao was crowded to be shouldered, and tumultuously the multitude of all be heard, or to have witnessed the scene. Every heart beat with the Spanish tyrants expected to be free!

* * * * But not for ever. She gradually resumed in her empire, and with her came images of Marian, full of life and warmth, and perception, and thought, and grace, and love—of Marian struck with apoplectic, dying, passive, dead,—dead even to the Carrastallis. "Tormentor! Jew," he exclaimed, "to torture is here, and she is alone!"

* * * * The shades of evening had descended on the ground grave, the enamelled bank, the murmuring river, the splashing fall, the manifesting sky, and Henry trod the paths of yesterday, but not of to-day.

"O, God! God!" he cried aloud in his agony, "is there nowhere and a better world?"

Having found upon the broken stones, once the home of a warrior knight, and scattered near the stone where kings and abbots had knelt in prayer, he sat down, and buried his head in his hands, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. If he prayed, it was the voiceless aspirations of the crushed and overburthened soul.

* * * * As if recalled from a hideous dream, he cast a look toward the calm and starry heaven, and, amazement! to his sight was revealed a new and dazzling Star, bright, and soft, and sweet, and heavenly, the companion and sister to his Marian, whom it so resembled in mildness and in every attribute and quality!

"It is my Marian!" he gasped, "it is herself. She is not lost,—she is not alone! We are together—we are together, for ever and for ever. Come to me, darling of my breaking heart, or take me to thyself. Come!"

* * * * In an instant the orb, the new and brilliant luster of the sky, burst from the sphere, and sunk in the earth, leaving a long white gleam of light behind. It was an exhalation of the air—a vision for the eye of sense and understanding, more than the mortal brightness which distempered fancy had elected it to restore.

Prone fell the lover to the dust;—the spark of life, like the perished Star, was extinguished.

* * * * Weary days passed over and o'er every th

p'ain the cause; - it is here," said she, laying her hand upon her heart. "My friends are guessing at its exact spot for heart disease, dyspepsia, &c. Angostura, Hoffman's, every other physician have been recommended to me; and I am now going to Saratoga, and then perhaps to France, journeying from place to place, to restore the shattered frame. How much more wise to know what it is, at once, and apply the pail beaten, and untie the mountain at the head."

I expressed a hope that her forebodings might prove fallacious.

"I cannot lose," she continued; "there is a unanimity to every thing, even to human suffering; there is not any one mighty to suffer, but has announced it too loud to endure."

"There is, indeed, there is a chance for your recovery," said I. "Your seems and acquaintances will do with the melancholy of your disease, if you will let them."

"My dear sir," said the invalid, looking me steadily in the face, for some time before she spoke, were void under the influence of momentary excitement, "have you heard my sough? I'm in the mist of my senses, and the reason that crushed o'er the final incitements of Macbeth was not more truly evidence of death, than you believe the pronouncements?"

"I know not how to answer you," said I, "if by pronouncements, you mean a depressed state of mind occasioned by the false phase of your case, I think I have felt it."

"That is merely my meaning," said the sufferer girl with "but I believe more than that; I think the mind, when about to go to earth, becomes more than commonly keen nearly in the course from whence it sprung, and discerns, with a clear sense of vision, beyond the curtain of the shadow of death, the regions to which it is about to become an inhabitant. If my belief is correct in me, I shall ever behold the shores of France or the vales of Italy. They tell me that the latter have many natural beauties;—that their skies are serene and cloudless; that the sun, as he salutes the western mountains of that garden of flowers, sinks to repose amid the softened flush and tint of rose and violet, instead of in an unfriendly cloud. But I have seen a brighter sky than the sky of Italy, and shall behold no more the luminous observer of its splendor and purity, or any material vision have deemed worthy of my attention, to prepare for the voyage? we have duties to fulfil to the last moment of our earthly pilgrimage if that employing with the wish of an anxious and affectionate mother shall be among the last of mine."

I rose to take my leave. "Stay a moment," said Mrs. L. "here is a letter (a paper) for my mother [I should say I have said in relation to my decease poor miss, remember it is for my mother, I am anxious for her. Farewell."

These words subsequently to this interview, I deemed my scope to the minds of the invalid; her prophecy has been too fully correct. Its mourners were assembled—its bearers, with its noble trappings, was in waiting at the carriage, and its body was placed within it.

With melancholy feelings I joined the procession; we reached the grave yard; the remains of all that was once lovely and intellectual was consigned to its parent earth.

As the unconscious grave digger threw the cloth upon the coffin, I departed from the sad scene, which is still fresh in my memory.

THE SILK CULTURIST.

BILK.

Cocoonries throughout the Country.

An individual not in the habit of reading newspapers, or the latter nouveau section of the Union, would be greatly surprised as well as delighted, where it possible to grasp before his eye, the numerous cocoonries now in operation in the United States, or even in the single state of Connecticut. In a general article, the information that has recently been published in relation to these cocoonries. We learn that at Mount Holly, Mr. Samuel Haxlehurst, Jr., is now engaged in feeding 100,000 worms of the mammoth white kind, the greater portion of which are spinning. The cocoons of such as have been reared in the house, are described as very superior; and although Mr. H. has labored under many disadvantages in procuring the leaves, he is fully persuaded of the complete success of the silk business. Recently a worm has died, and they were matured in the unusually short time of 23 and 24 days. Joseph White, of the same town, has about 60,000 nearly ready to spin, and many others are also during. The editor of the *Camden Mail* states that in that neighborhood, all doubts as to the ultimate success of the silk business have ceased appearing. He also alludes to a specimen of American Silk sent by Mr. Wm. Wagstaff, of Pennsylvania, and describes it as very superior. It was manufactured by Messrs. R. & J. Dobson of Lancaster. The Salem, New Jersey, *Investigator* mentions that many persons are now raising Silk-worms in that neighborhood, and estimates that about two millions of Silk-worms will be fed in that county during the present summer. Messrs. Jones and York, of Salem, are feeding about 60,000 worms. The Germantown Telegraph states, that Mr. Maspay, a seedman at the Rising Sun, has converted his green-house into a cocoonry, in which he is feeding a million of Silk-worms. Wm. Edward Kelly, of the firm of Kelly & Peters, No. 8 Broad street and Turner's Lane, has also about 100,000 worms. We have not as yet, we believe, been informed of the result of the experiment of Mr. Kelly, in feeding a certain number of worms, separately on the Morus Multicaulis, the White mulberry, the Black mulberry, and also on the leaves on the Osage apple.

We may add that P. Physick, Esq. of this city, who has devoted much time and capital to the business, has now in the full tide of successful experiment one of the most extensive cocoonries in the United States. It is located at Germantown.

It was born to the south and southwest, we shall find that the matter is also exciting attention in those sections. It is stated in the Charlotte, (N. C.) *Intelligencer*, that Mr. Morris Pollock, the enterprising proprietor of a Silk Factory, near Gilesburn, in Scotland, is about to establish a Silk Farm near Danville, on which he expects to raise $150,000 worth of the raw material annually, to supply his establishment in Scotland. He intends to commence operations immediately—the superintendent and several hands from the old country, having already arrived. Mr. P. brought over with him several species of the mulberry, as well as several of the finest varieties of the grape, with which he also intends to experiment in this country. In Georgia, the spirit is also abroad. A great number of persons in all Augusta, in that State, have, we learn from the Augusta Chronicle, planted the *Morus Multicaulis* to a greater or less extent, some with the object of speculating in trees, and some with the more deliberate and protracted purpose of engaging in the business. It is stated that so fully satisfied have several individuals become of the ultimate success of the enterprise, that they have embarked in the business with similar feelings with that which actuates a planter, who purchases land and slaves for the purpose of raising cotton. Among the largest planters of the Morus Multicaulis tree, Messrs. Penny & Hutchinson are described as having a lot which is unusually extensive with the whole business, so far as it has progressed in the United States, and have devoted upon the end of Georgia as the best suited to the purpose, after having visited various sections of the country throughout the Union. They are feeding about 100,000 worms, under the superintendence of Mr. Shaw, a gentleman from Massachusetts. Messrs. Pinet & Moffin, of the same city, have also an extensive cocoonry. They have thus far fed about 300,000 worms, and have already reeled 40 lbs. from cocoons. It is added "that the white mulberry alone was used at that cocoonry for some time, but they are now using the leaves of the Morus Multicaulis, which has a short excellence over varieties them is distinctly preferable to the other, not only because it is easier reared, but because it is more luxuriant in foliage and for more nutritious, the worms actually abandoning the white mulberry to feed upon it. A large quantity of their worms, now feeding, are of the *second crop* of that season, and in one week from the time they will have cocoons of the second crop of this season, which is earlier than the first hatching generally commence in the Northern States. They expect to rise five successive crops in the middle of November." The line of mulberries extended to do from the Multicaulis leaves from the cuttings planted this year.

The Augusta Editor thinks that these facts speak volumes in favor of the cocoonries in the North, in the prosecution of this business. He mentions there or four other cocoonaries in that immediate neighborhood, and states that the experience of all, is universally the same, namely, that "the silk worm will always be produced, with little trouble and in abundant quantities. We have thus given a correct view of the most interesting statements that have reached us

BANK NOTE PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected weekly, or more often if necessary, from the Evening Post and News.

Prices on Notes of and near Five Dollars.
When counterfeit is more or less than 10 per cent. discount.

Philadelphia, JUNE 17, 1839.

			Par and discount
Agricultural Bank	71	Wilkesborough	Par
Bank of Chester Co.	71	Tuscaloosa—Notes, Sou.	
Bank of Delaware	71	Bank of Mobile	
Bank of Germantown	71	Commercial Bank, Mo.	
Bank of Gettysburg	71	Bank of Missouri	
Bank of Penn Township	71	Planters' Bank, Miss.	
Bank of Pittsburg	par	Bank of Natchez	
Bank of Susquehanna Co.	71	Natchez Trading Bank	
Bank of Washington	71	Union Bank, Miss.	
Bank of Westmoreland	71	Vicksburg Bank	
Bucks County Bank	71	All solvent banks in Ala.	par
Carlisle Bank	71		
Chester County Bank	71	Solvent banks	
Commercial Bank	71	Bank of Maryland	
Commercial & Farmers'	71	City Bank, Pas. Bridge Co.	
Commercial Bank of Pittsburg	71		
Delaware Bank	71	Branch Banks	par
Easton Bank	71	Farmers' & Mech. Bank	81
Erie Bank	71	Bank of Cheltenham, Cumber.	
Farmers' Bank of Bucks Co.	71	Co. Commercial Bank	
Farmers' Bank of Lancaster	71	Hagerstown Bank	
Farmers' & Drovers' Bank	71	Marine Bank	
Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank	71	Mechanics' Bank	
Farmers' & Mechanics' Bank	71	Merchants' Bank	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Union Bank	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**District of Columbia.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Alexandria	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Columbia	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Georgetown	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Washington	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Central—Branches	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Patriotic Bank	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**VIRGINIA.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Virginia	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Southern Bank	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Farmers' Bank	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Northern Bank	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Northern Bank, branch	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Western do. branch	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Virginia Stock Bank	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Virginia Scrip	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Solvent banks	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**NORTH CAROLINA**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Cape Fear	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Raleigh	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Solvent banks	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**GEORGIA.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Augusta	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bk. Ga. Br. Columbus	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Darien	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Central Rail Road Co.	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Insurance & Trust Co.	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Marine & Fire Ins. Co.	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Mechanics' Bank	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Southern Bank	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Union Bank	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Solvent banks	10
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**NEW JERSEY.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Camden & Amboy Rail Road	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Farmers' & Mech. Bank	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Morris Canal Co.	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	N. J. Loan Co.	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71		
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**KENTUCKY.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Kentucky	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Louisville	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Northern Bank	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Solvent banks	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**TENNESSEE.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Tennessee	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Knoxville	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Memphis	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Nashville	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Tennessee	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Union Bank	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Solvent banks	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**ALABAMA**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Alabama	Par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Commercial Bank	Par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Huntsville Bank	Par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Planters' Bank	Par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Solvent banks	Par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**MICHIGAN**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Michigan	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Detroit	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of River Raisin	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Monroe	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Niagara	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Michigan	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Michigan	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**MISSISSIPPI**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Mississippi	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Natchez	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Vicksburg	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Port Gibson	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**FLORIDA.**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Florida	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**ILLINOIS**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Illinois	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Shawneetown	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Edwardsville	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Illinois	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**INDIANA**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Indiana	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Vincennes	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Madison	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Indianapolis	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Wabash	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**Wisconsin Territory**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Wisconsin	par
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	**CANADA**	
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Montreal	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Upper Canada	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Quebec	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of New Brunswick	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	Bank of Nova Scotia	1
Farmers' & Manufacturers'	71	All others uncertain.	

PRICES OF GOLD AND SILVER.

Spanish Doubloons	15 75	15 90
Spanish Patriot Doubloons	15 75	15 90
Spanish Pistareens	1 90	1 92
Mexican Dollars	1 00	1 00
Peruvian Dollars	1 00	1 00
Chilian Dollars	1 00	1 00
Colombian Dollars	1 00	1 00
Bolivian Dollars	1 00	1 00
Ecuador Dollars	1 00	1 00
Central Dollars	1 00	1 00
Portugal Gold Coin	15 75	15 90
Portugal Silver Coin	1 00	1 00
Old Spanish Dollars	1 00	1 00
Five Franc Pieces	93	94
English Sovereigns	4 80	4 84
English Half Sovereigns	2 40	2 42
French Napoleons	3 80	3 84
Prussian Dollars	70	71
Five Guilder Pieces	2 30	2 32
Ducats	2 25	2 30
Silver Rubles	1 00	1 00
Mexican Dollars, new	1 00	1 00
Gold Rubles	3 75	3 80
Sycee Silver	1 10	1 12
Gold Dollars	1 00	1 00
Quarter Eagles	25	25
Half Eagles	50	50
Eagles	1 00	1 00
Half Dollars	1 00	1 00
Dimes	10	10
Half Dimes	5	5

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA—PENNSYLVANIA.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—The shipment of coal for the week ending Tuesday the 30th, were 3,207 tons 15 cwt. Per last report 19,078 tons 5 cwt. Total number of boats this season, 1,285.

The Lehigh Coal Trade, for the week ending June 15th, was 1,079 tons 7 cwt. Total for the year 19,787 tons 7 cwt. Increase 1,079 tons 7 cwt.

Who is the Homicide.—All intercession to the Rev. Dr. Porter on behalf of this wretched victim will have at length proved fruitless. The Governor has refused to grant a reprieve, and a dispatch from Harrisburg on Saturday last, announced that the law for a man to be executed on Monday next, has safely arrived at Little Rock, Arkansas, with the exception of two who deserted on the route.

EASTERN.

New Gun.—We were shown, a few days since, a new invented fowling piece, which, so far as we were able to judge of the merits of so harsh a decision, appeared to us to be the best we have ever seen or heard of. It has received the name of the "Monitor," and was invented by Mr. B. F. Smith, of South Hadley, Mass. and is made by Mr. Wm. Wesson, of Springfield. It is a cartridge, which contains the powder, ball or shot, and wadding, and the percussion cap, and is loaded in a chamber at the breech, and in a moment of time; and the discharge is produced by pressing forward a trigger, which is concealed partly by the guard, and partly by the stock. The cartridge is made of thin paper, and when the gun is discharged the paper can be charged and discharged ten or twelve times in one minute if necessary. The machinery connected with the gun is entirely concealed, and it will be perfectly safe to use, and is considered a great improvement over every other fire arm that has been invented.—*Hampden Whig.*

Prevalence of Hail Storms.—A desolating hail storm passed over the country near Petersburg, Va. on the 4th instant, doing much injury to the wheat, oats and corn crops on a great many plantations. Poultry were also killed in great numbers. We have seldom known a season which has been marked by so much destruction by hail, particularly in the Middle and Western States. The atmosphere is unusually surcharged with electricity, and the rains, which in many places is accounted for by the melting, in the warmer latitudes of our coast, of the large quantities of ice islands and icebergs seen on the Atlantic ocean, during the months of April and March. This has chilled the air during all the month of June, and consequently condensed the vapors that float in the much frozen water furnished the materials for.

Crop Croakers checked off.—In Virginia, where the wheat crop is already pronounced abundant, they have been blessed with a bleak, for the meridian, and unseasonable June frost, which nipped the ears and the golden harvest in the ground, and the fruits of the orchard and vine. We are informed by the conclusion, that throughout the State, there will be an average crop of wheat and tobacco. We think some of those prowling poachers, known as flour speculators, listen much too much to these reports, and suppose that there might be a mistake, but recommend persons to be cautious and avoid the causes which predispose to the disease.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Columbia River—Oregon.—As the following is, probably, the latest from a region so distant, and becoming more and more interesting to us, by the tide of emigration already setting thither, we extract the following:

Extract of a letter from a Friend at Columbia River.

The Company expect to build a Fort on Vancouver's Island this summer, for the trade for furs, some cattle and sheep. There are extensive farms on the Island, and they will raise all that is calculated for pasturage. They have already about one thousand sheep and about fifty head of cattle. Mr. Cowlitch and Wells-a-mett, two branches of the Columbia—they have large herds of cattle. In a few years the mouth of the Columbia will be a very interesting place. They will ship annually to England cargoes of Salmon and wood. Several Catholic Priests who came out this year are to be established on the Lawiticks to enlighten the rising generation!

Remarkable.—The cast against the use of Tobacco as a preventive of the Cholera, is quite prevalent in late years among clergymen, as of no small, if the least benefit in the prevention of it. That there is a disease of a peculiar and fatal character, prevailing in Georgia, known as Dr. McLean, Hesack, Francis and others—and in detail in the papers, is most unquestionably shown and below the opening into the stomach—that tobacco applied to the outer surface may sometimes discovered on the lining membrane, and that death frequently seems to ensue from the constant irritation and the difficulty of speaking and the accumulation of mucous, without any discovery or disease of the lungs themselves, are undeniable facts, against all manner of doubt and cavil whatever.

Elias Emery warns all the girls out South and West—hoosiers, buckeys and all—to look out for her guy, describing him as follows: "Dark, she says that he has cruelly left her, and that she likes him as stated that he was going southwest to preach universal salvation and marry a hoosier. Elias requests all the girls to look out and to prove it says," David has a scar on his nose where I scratched it."

The New York correspondent of the Baltimore Chronicle says,—"A meeting of the friends of the late Samuel Woodworth was held last evening at Clark's, Nassau. Miss Wells, Sig. Rafi, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Dinneford, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Morris (the new Recorder) and others were present. Mr. Morris in the chair. Resolutions were adopted, and a committee appointed to take place at the office of the Herald to-morrow evening. The object of the meeting is said to be to procure a benefit for the widow of the deceased. I do not doubt that something will be done for her. Perhaps a benefit will be placed in an attitude which will require all to come forward and state their wishes. Either he will or will not consent to be held up to the public gaze for the benefit of his family."

When Doctor Thellier, the Patriot, was taken prisoner near Malden, by the British, he had money and a watch about him to the value of $65. Of this, according to the practice of war, he was unceremoniously robbed by the captors. Mr. Hyvolds, of Malden, was one of the captivating party, and he happened to be in Detroit, was arrested at the suit of Thellier for the debt. The case has since been tried before a justice at Detroit, and the jury returned a verdict in favor of Dr. Thellier for $65 and costs. Reynolds said he took the property by order of his commanding officer.

Mad Bull.—The Ohio Register, commenting upon the occurrence of one bull being run down by another, thinks it "a great pity that Luke Eries is not wise enough to admit of bonds passing each other." The Ship Canal around Shaull Sc. Marie will open a passage to Lake Superior. Then we presume, with a coast of 1,000 miles, the Lumber company of 1,000 men are may possibly find plenty of elbow room.

An unsuccessful attempt was made recently to blow up the steamboat Barbarossa, near Brunswick, occasioned as the Custom House, and Collector's office. The powder was damaged and its effect was but partial—blowing out the gable end, demolishing a partition and a window, and doing some slighter mischief. The perpetrator was discovered.—*N. Y. Sun.*

From Mexico.—By Matamoras papers to June 6th received at New Orleans, it appears a severe action took place at Monterey, May 27th, between the Federal troops under Gen. Lemus, and the determined troops under Carabino, in which the former are said to have been repulsed. Gen. Bustamente is again reported to be moving upon Tampico.

ALMANAC.

JUNE, 1839.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON'S RISES.
20 Thursday	4 35	7 26	4 45
21 Friday	4 35	7 26	5 45
22 Saturday	4 35	7 26	6 45
23 SUNDAY	4 35	7 26	7 45 P. M.
24 Monday	4 35	7 26	8 45
25 Tuesday	4 35	7 26	9 45
26 Wednesday	4 35	7 26	10 45
27 Thursday	4 35	7 26	11 45
28 Friday	4 35	7 26	12 45
29 Saturday	4 35	7 26	1 45
30 SUNDAY	4 35	7 26	2 45

MARRIAGES.

In the city of Washington, on Tuesday morning, 18th inst. by St. John's Church, by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, JAMES LEENEY, to ELIZABETH R. WOODYEAR, all of that city.

At Milton, Mass. Mr. CALEB THAYER, of Braintree, to Miss MARY ANN JOSLIN PEARCE, of the former place.

At New Orleans, on Wednesday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hall, Mr. JOHN A. MCCLUNG, to Miss REBECCA E. daughter of the late Major G. G. Gibbs, U. S. A. all of that city.

On the 20th inst. in the Dutch Reformed Church, by the Rev. Dr. Brodhead, Mr. HARRY B. HOWELL, to Miss H. HOMANS, all of the city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. N. P. Bent, L. S. YORKE, to ADELAIDE E. daughter of Jas. Fetton, Jr. all of Philadelphia.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, Mr. JOHN HOPPER, to Miss D. SUSAN LAWTON, daughter of Mr. George Vandeusen, all of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of the Nazareth M. E. Church, Mr. JACOB LEWIS, to Miss MARY ANN, daughter of Mr. Jacob Lewis, both of Philadelphia.

In Washington, D. C. on the 15th inst. Mr. JAMES M. CARLISLE, to Miss MARY E. REDDIN, both of that city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of the Nazareth M. E. Church, Mr. JOHN LEWIS, to Miss MARY ANN MARIA OSBORNE, all of Philadelphia.

In Washington, D. C. on the 15th inst. Mr. JAMES M. CARLISLE, to Miss MARY E. REDDIN, both of that city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of the Nazareth M. E. Church, Mr. JOHN LEWIS, to Miss MARY ANN MARIA OSBORNE, all of Philadelphia.

On Thursday, 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ludlow, Mr. SAMUEL H. GILLINGHAM, of Kensington, to LOUISA, daughter of the late Mr. Isaac Snowden.

On the evening of the 21st inst. with Friendly ceremonies, SAMUEL NEALL, Jr. to CHARLOTTA ANDERSON, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. WILLIAM WOOD, to Miss SARAH BOWERS, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by Alderman S. Heinzelman, Mr. JOHN DOYLE, of Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa. to Miss ANN MARIA CRAWFORD, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. D. L. Carroll, Mr. THOMAS MAY BEDDOE, to Miss ANN, daughter of the late Andrew Byerly, Esq. all of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. ALFRED GRAY, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss SARAH SMITH, of Philadelphia, same inst. On Wednesday, by the same, Mr. AUGUSTUS D. ROATH, of the city, to Miss SARAH DAVIS, of the N. Liberties.

On the 25th ult. by the same, Mr. JOHN R. BEAN, to Miss JANE C. WEAVER, both of the N. Liberties.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday morning, June 19th, JOHN K. HELM, aged 23 years.

On Thursday evening, 20th inst. JOHN MCALLISTER, of Germantown, Philadelphia county, in the 55th year of his age.

At Wilkie, Sandwich Islands, on Saturday, 25th August last, Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS, aged 28, native of Smith, of Philadelphia, mariner. On Wednesday, 29th May last, on board of the Rose Packet, of the Company's ship Nestor, MARIA, wife of Capt. Thomas Nye, and daughter of Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, at the house of Capt. John Meek, Mr. WM. H. PEACH, of Philadelphia, aged 21 years.

Suddenly, on Thursday, 20th inst. Mr. JACOB ELLIS, aged 70 years.

On Thursday, 20th inst. Mrs. FANNY SNIDER, aged 70 years.

On the 2d April last, at Omoa, coast of Africa, Captain WILLIAM SMITH, of the brig Ann Maria, aged 30 years.

In the 45th year of his age, a native of Scotland, but for a number of years a resident of this city.

At sea, on board the ship Asia, on the 13th inst. Mr. JOHN MCCLELLAN, aged 23 years, son of Mr. Jacob McClellan, of this city.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 19th inst. Howard Main culture as preferred to cotton. The latter is much more remunerative, requiring less labor and capital, and is the usual result of land in the state of Tennessee. Mr. Mc. Mr. Mc. Mr. Mc

THE GEM.

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

A correspondent who writes to us that he has received "realized a fortune on money matters" desires us to copy the following. We cheerfully comply with his request, and congratulate him upon his good fortune.—[N. O. Gazette.

PARAPHRASTIC LINES.

"Sollicet ancoræ cum *dede, fidemque, et amicos,*
Et genus, et formam regina Pecunia donat,
Ac bene nummorum decorat Suadela Venustas."
Hor.

I need and righted to win a bride;
Yet no long my wooing tarried,
I really did begin the plan
I never should get married.
With *me!* and even I ever failed,
Though so men's morals sunder;
Till wealth came in and then I got
A thirty thousand pounder.

When formerly I needed risk—
E'en the tailors were blank looks—
Now all are but too proud to have
My name upon their books;
My lonely dozen no friend approached,—
I found but single board;
Now I want trade for those who crowd
The door brimful sporting bor.

My family! O no one knew,—
All the ties in sweet world call—
Now my family's grave old, and I'm
Third cousin to an earl.
Ball-roomed and lonely lagged was I:
Now the Belvidere Apollo
In form is but a fool to me—
I'm told I best him hollow.

Each painter wants to paint my face,
Sculptors to case my amble;
The modern critics, prize all
Bought me for a model.
O'ers, if o'er I rose to speak,
Loud laughter dinned my ears;
"Great cheering" welcomes now my words,
With frequent "hears" and "cheers."

The women once were wont to call
Me hideous, dark, and pallid;
Now even the men allow that I'm
A "fine good looking fellow."
Such do the changes prove I wrote,
In this life's mottled span,
Between one's fortune and one's self,
When
One is a married man.

We know a pair of twins so nearly resembling each other that one is obliged to tie a string around his finger at night to enable them to know which is which in the morning.

A coachmaker remarking upon fashionable carriages, said that "a socialist was all the fun during the honey-moon, and a nuisance after."

Dr. Young believe that the morning air is the best cosmetic, and that flowers are chief in their use to attire, and next both they sweetest perfumes only in the morning." It is a fact.

When O'Connell crossed last from Dublin, the sea was very rough, and the passengers generally disposed to sea-sick. "How are you, my man?" said Mr. M. of Lew, pond, intending kindly ever to him, to the sea-sick Irishman. "Well, then (moaned M.) I hope the wall continue you how long, and how much the cruise / figt since?"

A gentleman was at his banker's last week, when he observed a little boy present a check for the amount. The clerk put the usual question to him, "How will you take it?" to which the boy unseemly answered, in my pocket."

"I don't believe you will lose me again," as the bonds said to the lady when it caught her at the opera.

Did it hurt you," said a man to another whom he had knocked down. "O, not at all how is it with you?" as he coolly performed the same ceremony upon him.

"*Jem Jam* are delicious," as the young fellow said when he kissed the pretty Jessica.

A person on reading a story that treated somewhat history upon a vote to which he was addicted, had it by to dispose, and declared he would not "have such a." "Perhaps," reasoned a friend, "it is like the to-tter in an operation; and matters are not of use be-ore through like common sense; but they reflect the on-ion of the individual who read them."

A lover, the swaggering into one of the Chatham streets sweeping down, and hearing the customer to ring out two clear notes, cried, "Who has rung? Only asked," may we ho what we please?" "Oh yes," replied the lady, "you may ring the bell." "Then, I *bell you good day*, and be hanged to you."

Why is a pretty girl like the hub of a wheel? Because she is surrounded by spokes.

A Texas Wag.—A nigger in D Bud, has been a long time in wrongful ser-d gaunt hopping groom-ness, who refused it is now who about wanting it, and when the gentlemen said, "Ah, please your master, I wish you'd want was to under as your time."

It was a golden query of Dr. Franklin, in answer to one of the opposition letters of Thomas Paine, that "if men were as wicked with religion, what would they be without it?"

The following short sentence of advice by Wm. Penn should be kept in mind by every person who are making of custom my:—*Never marry for love—but love after a marriage.*

"Do you know what made my voice so melodious?" said a celebrated vocal performer, of awkward manners, to Charles Dickens. "No." "Why, then I'll tell you—when I was a boy, I swallowed a hand-organ more than once." "I don't think, my friend," rejoined Boz, "that would have done any good to those, if at the same time you had swallowed a dancing master."

A gentleman going into an hotel in Broadway, said he would thank the waiter to get him a little potter.—The waiter thinking the gentleman wanted some beer, ale or cordial, went out and returned with a small letter, saying, "I could not manage any other, sir, but it is the smallest potter that I know of."

The only day a gentleman asked one of his farmers what was his age. "I am sixteen," replied he, "I am either 50 or 16." "What," was the response, "don't know your own age?" "No, sir," replied the farmer, "I count my money, my income, and my cattle, but of my years I pay no reckoning, because I am well convinced I shall lose none of them, and that nobody will rob me of them."

Fanatic Zeal.—It is recorded of a man, who, in Cromwell's time, was instructed to destroy the pastoral glass in one of the Cathedrals, on which were represented those of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, &c that he executed his task on all but one window, on which was the figure of the devil. He said, "that he had no mission to pull down the devil."

Johnson's opinion of Economy.—All to whom wit is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to him who sage maxims of our pecuniary economics, and within the salutary act of contributing economy into what would otherwise be run rash, and with it, low can be poor. He sees power of saving as a strong mind; and the estimate of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.—*Rambler.*

"Pride.—Two little boys were going along the street. One of them had a new hat on, and looked very proud of it, said to the other, "See what a nice hat I've got? I want to know what you think of it. You needn't make so much fuss about it, the 'taint but an old one that my father has given me, so don't be so proud of it." Thus a man with bottom cousins—who prides himself upon the dwelling and food—and clothing; but sudden reflect that the little boy knew no more to have more pretense than we can do, and the lot of the valley is clothed in more beautiful drapery than we can ever wear. How little is there upon earth to feed the pride of thoughtful man."

A Beautiful Extract.—When Æschylus, the Greek poet was condemned to death, his brother an orator and hero commanded to plead his cause before. While the battle was were gazing with intensity of interest to hear what would be said, he held up and bared the stump of his dismembered arm, which he had lost in the battle of Marathon, and said not a word. The multitude knew the whole history of eloquence, and the poet was acquitted. Thus eloquence of that kind reaches more powerfully than words that burn. So, I fear, the hands of God, who, stretching out his hand for man, presence before his Father his scars and wounds, his hands bled and, and cross upon the hill of the sinner he more powerful than the eloquence of angels could.—*Sermons of Dr. Krum, Vice of Jef College.*

The Poet's toilet.—In the interior of his palace the poet is surrounded by all. Fancy wears a robe of white dust and bears sissors. On his shoulders a multitude of locks of hair of every name, form and complexion, and on his hand a casuarin, or sort of cap, descending to his eyes. The casuarin is also of variety, and lined with ermine in winter. His husband's shoes are, according to the season, of cloth with gold embroidery, or of red morocco, with an embossed crown in the middle. He never changes either the color or shape of his garments, except at the Advent, to Lent, and the last days, when he assumes a white woollen cassock. From Saturday of the Holy week to the following Saturday, he wears a mantelet and a casuarin of white damask. When he has to go out, he wears, moreover, an ecre round his neck. The Holy Father retains his usual dress to all the ceremonies.

Written for the Saturday Post and Saturday News.

HEADING.

"How are you, boss, been to Reading? If not let me recommend you to be at the Railroad Depot at the Reading Rail Road Station, on one of the warm afternoons, at 2 o'clock!—may into the car, and in a few hours, you find yourself in that pleasant, compact, and quiet pleasant borough. I have recently returned from a visit to Reading, and grateful for the kindness these accepted, induces me to recommend it as a most delightful place to visit.

The Railroad leading to Reading, is one of the best in the State. I need say nothing of its excellent character—though much it is entitled—the outer, glazy scenery—the towering mountains, and in verdant and of rolling hills, and fertile valleys.

I left Philadelphia about 2 o'clock, and reached Reading and in Reading. The cars are provided with every accommodation and excellent fare at Colonnade Hotel. There also, you will find, if you will, tell you more—Coleman's and Yeager's—two excellent hotels, that delighted and with excellent rooms. Travelers are generally surprised at the extent of this Reading—and many bring to their minds a seems to be often thought, it is found to be a town of 7000 inhabitants, built on a level plain, with wide, level, and beautifully gravelled streets, and handsome brick houses—stone, marble, and granite public edifices, &c.

To describe the magnificent scenery of the surrounding country, would require the pen of a poet. Never shall I forget the hills, and the valleys, and shady paths—the river with the pleasant walks along its banks, for I last and long, that delighted me in the Mineral Spring. This health-restoring fountain is around about the mountain. Now the visitors have soon become a place of much celebrity. The waters are strongly impregnated with sulphur and magnesia. The *such mercurial of roots and sulphates of magnesia.* The spring is surrounded with magnificent buildings, commencing on the south side, and under the supervision of the present proprietor, M. L. Hiester, Esq. There no ordinary attractions as a place of retreat during the summer months.

Nor in Reading without other means for making its time or its visitor pleasant. There is a fine, well selected literature, a scientific association in its existence, called the Reading Cabinet, which is conducted by its in its full many matters of interest, philosophical experiments, and interesting lectures. The Reading Hall a few days ago, I found the walls decorated with a large number of excellent paintings. These I have been executed by J. B. Schoener, a native of Reading, the first instance of a native artist of this where he acquired a just celebrity as a miniature painter. I was shown a number of beautiful specimens, and was struck by their extreme beauty and finish. In fact, it is a luxury that my art will better, and an excellent opportunity is afforded to the visitor to Reading to have his likeness taken by a first rate painter.—I say likeness, for the paintings by Mr. Kaen are not merely pictures, as is too often the case, but exact representations of the features for which they are designed.

The visitor to Reading will find the people hospitable and generous, and made to feel himself at home. He will be in demand by the crowd, which takes away all danger from the entire business of visiting. I have been asked by J. B. Schoener, a native of Reading, for the contempt of a visit to the town, where he acquired a just celebrity as a miniature painter. I was shown a number of beautiful specimens, and was struck by their extreme beauty and finish. In fact, it is a luxury that my art will better, and an excellent opportunity is afforded to the visitor to Reading to have his likeness taken by a first rate painter.—I say likeness, for the paintings by Mr. Kaen are not merely pictures, as is too often the case, but exact representations of the features for which they are designed.

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Written for the Evening Post and Saturday News.

WORDSWORTH'S HOME.

Wordsworth lives as a poet should. Imagine the most delightful spot you can, and there will he be found. Rydal Mount, as he describes it, is also coming almost together in places, and here and there we catch glimpses of the lake, which for a lake, with its very islands and its velvet margin of lawn, is very pretty. Rydal Mount is a modern mansion that lift their proud heads over their humbler neighbors, and look down upon them. It is not on the lake and the hotel resounding together. One of the finest views of the lake, is above Wordsworth's house at Rydal; it below it. * * High up the side of one of the steep hills, a secret spot of the poet's, where Wordsworth's cottage, one-story, stone, is perched as a point through the trees, and the lake is seen far below. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the lake, which is here a mere river, is seen for a mile or two, and protected on both by its sheltering and trees, that in the distance seem to rise from the water's edge. Just below, which winds up and down through the to lay along the edge of the lakes. The view is a most charming one, and I can well see why the poet very kindly took me over the most sacred ground, the spot where he composed so many of his finest works, whose connection and care have given to his own hands most interesting relics. Here, in the garden below him, which he has from the hill-side, he has written many of his finest poems. The glorious and beautiful scenes around him have inspired him with his noblest lays, and it is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me the two mountains, one of which was the scene of his love and adventure, and the other of his marriage, and talking as he walked, of lovers and lakes, and the poet, he determined to show me all that was really like another "Excursion." Much of the scenery, as I said before, is of the most delightful and romantic kind during the winter. We were crossing a little bridge over a brook, when the poet stopped to look at an old, rickety, thatched grotesque, and we asked him if it was not the cottage of the old woman and no made famous by the pen of Wordsworth. He replied that it was the old Lady, commending and complimenting the lovely article of D——— and the poet's taste displayed for the admiration of visitors. Every thing about the house and grounds of the home-like air. The botanicals with which he stalked his time was now and accessible, and that of "out of doors" was the favorite. Here he could be happy at any of his own arbor Tuskaras—the poet's favorite walk—and he and the sun was already past the noon, he determined to go and see the old woman. We were really like another "Excursion." Much of the scenery, as I said before, is of the most